

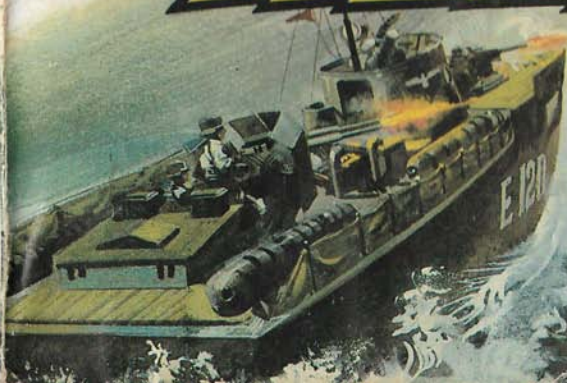
3

FLEETWAY
LIBRARY

WAR
PICTURE
LIBRARY
No 2025

Australia 70c
N. Zealand 68c
Malaysia \$1. 70c

E-BOAT ALLEY



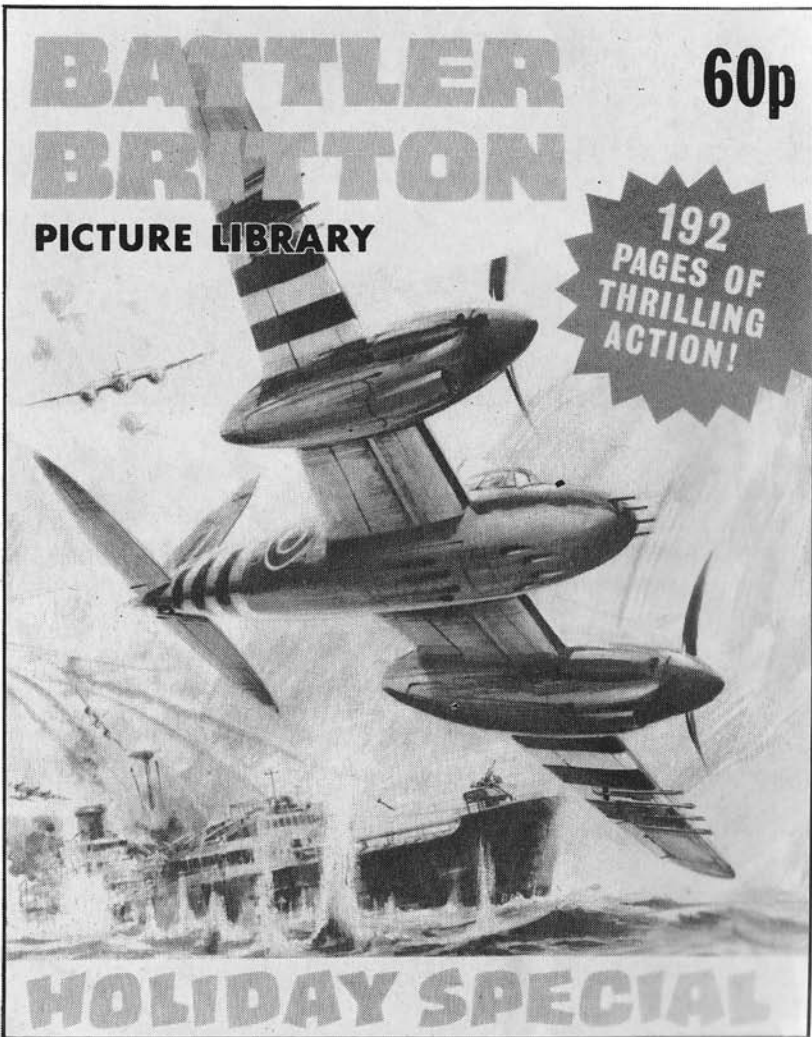
ON SALE NOW...

BATTLER BRITTON

PICTURE LIBRARY

60p

192
PAGES OF
THRILLING
ACTION!



HOLIDAY SPECIAL

E-BOAT ALLEY

A FEW BLOOD-STAINED MILES OF CHANNEL
SEPARATED ENGLAND AND OCCUPIED
EUROPE. FOR THE GRIM YEARS, 1940-45, IT
BECAME THE MOST VITAL SEA-LANE IN THE
HISTORY OF THE WORLD.



Chapter 1. *GUNBOAT FLOTILLA*

MOTOR GUNBOAT FLOTILLA SEVEN, ON MERCHANT ESCORT OUT OF NEWHAVEN, WAS ENGAGED IN CLOSE ACTION WITH MARAUDING NAZI E-BOATS.

JERRY'S
E-BOATS PULLING
OUT, KENNY! NEVER
GOT NEAR THE
CONVOY!

THIRD NIGHT THIS
WEEK WE'VE BEATEN
'EM OFF, RAB!

LIEUTENANT JOHN MOSS, D.S.O., D.S.C. AND TWO BARS, WAS STILL EAGER FOR MORE ...

FLOTILLA'S LOW
ON FUEL AND AMMO,
SIR. DO I SEND BREAK
OFF ACTION SIGNAL?

YOU KNOW ME
BETTER, NUMBER ONE!
ORDER GENERAL CHASE!
I WANT TO SEND MORE OF
THE BLIGHTERS TO THE
BOTTOM!



FOLLOWING HIS LEADER WITHOUT QUESTION, SKIPPER JUMBO FRAME OF M.G.B.13 SAW HIS LEADER'S DANGER.

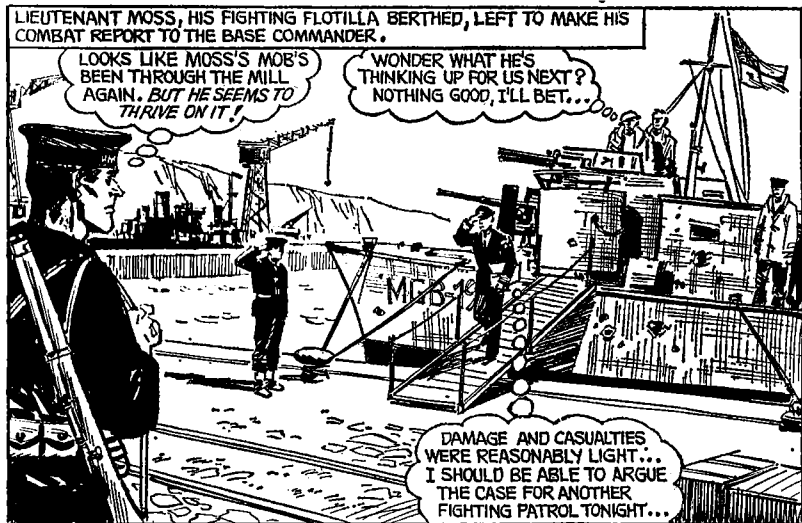


BUT THE TIMELY HELP WAS *NOT* APPRECIATED ...



SUMMONING RESERVE STRENGTH THEY BARELY KNEW EXISTED, THE EXHAUSTED FLOTILLA FOUGHT THEMSELVES OUT OF TROUBLE.







ABLE SEAMAN ROBERT BURNS HAD A BURNING AMBITION— PROMOTION FROM GUN-LOADER TO A PLACE BEHIND THE TRIGGER OF ONE OF THE LETHAL QUICKFIRERS ON M.G.B.13.

HE'S RIGHT, SIR! LET ME TAKE OVER A GUN NEXT TIME OUT...

YOU KNOW THE FLOTILLA OFFICER HAND-PICKS THE GUNNERS, LAD, I'LL TELL HIM HOW KEEN YOU ARE— BUT HE'S THE BOSS-MAN!



MOSS HAD RETURNED TO HIS GUNBOATS FUMING AT THE WORDS OF COMMANDER CAIRNE— AND MISINTERPRETING THEM.

I COMMAND THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OUTFIT IN THE CHANNEL— YET THAT OLD VOLUNTARY RESERVE FOOL MUST THINK WE'RE RUN DOWN! WHY?



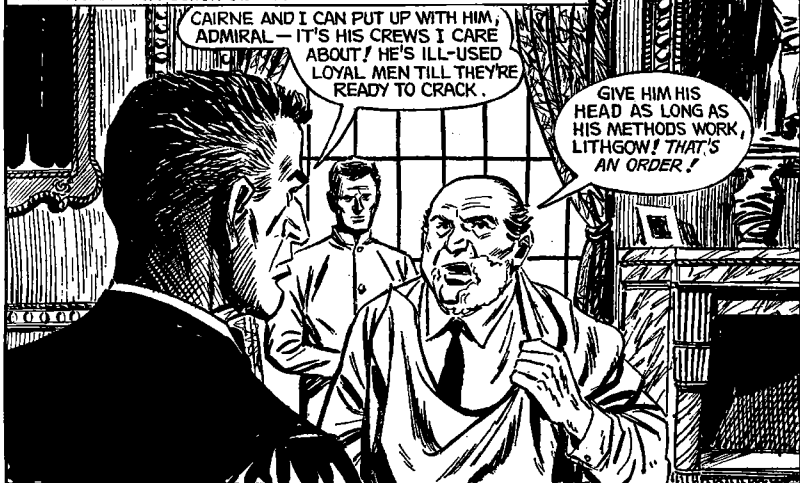
MAYBE THAT'S THE ANSWER— M.G.B. THIRTEEN'S AN UTTER DISGRACE! I'VE BEEN TOO EASY ON DISCIPLINE!



...THE FLOTILLA OFFICER HAD FOUND A CHAMPION TO UPHOLD HIS CONTINUANCE IN COMMAND...

CAIRNE AND I CAN PUT UP WITH HIM, ADMIRAL — IT'S HIS CREWS I CARE ABOUT! HE'S ILL-USED LOYAL MEN TILL THEY'RE READY TO CRACK.

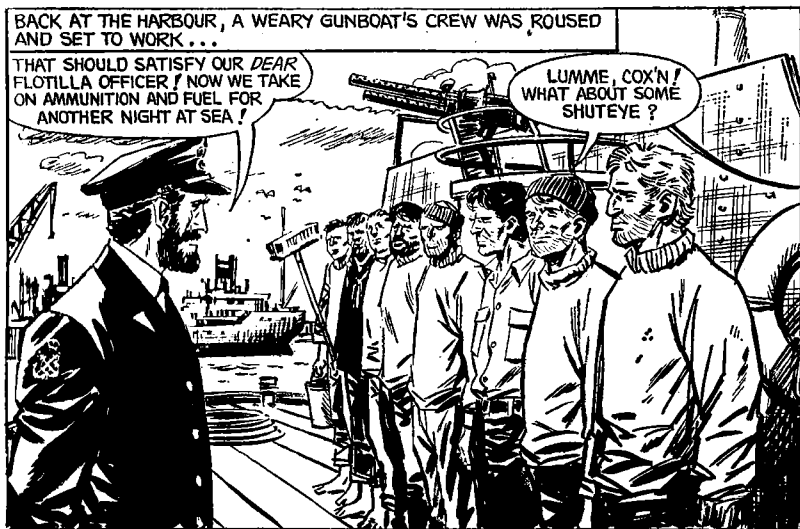
GIVE HIM HIS HEAD AS LONG AS HIS METHODS WORK, LITHGOW! THAT'S AN ORDER!



BACK AT THE HARBOUR, A WEARY GUNBOAT'S CREW WAS ROUSED AND SET TO WORK...

THAT SHOULD SATISFY OUR DEAR FLOTILLA OFFICER! NOW WE TAKE ON AMMUNITION AND FUEL FOR ANOTHER NIGHT AT SEA!

LUMME, COX'N! WHAT ABOUT SOME SHUTEYE?





TWO PERPLEXED SENIOR OFFICERS WATCHED HELPLESSLY...



THAT NIGHT, THE FLOTILLA WAS PATROLLING ITS HUNTING GROUND
AGAIN...





THE TERSE ORDER WAS SENT— BUT MOSS WAS OTHERWISE ENGAGED ...



SITTING DUCKS!
SPARKS... IGNORE
RECALL— BLAME IT ON
FAULTY RECEPTION!
GROUP ATTACK— SINK
EVERY SHIP!



THE TURBULENT SEA DID NOT ALLOW FOR ACCURATE GUNNERY OF ANY RANGE.



A NIGHTMARE COMBAT FOLLOWED AMID TEMPEST AND TRACER, FIRE AND HEAVING WATER.



BUT IN THE WAKE OF THE STRICKEN CONVOY LOOMED A POWERFUL
ALLY... THE HEAVILY ARMED COMMERCE RAIDER *VON STURDEE*.



SHE WAS USING THE FOUL WEATHER AS COVER
IN A BID TO BREACH THE DOVER BOTTLENECK
TO THE OPEN SEA.



OUR CONVOY FALLS
BACK, HERR KAPITAN.
THE BRITISH SCHNELLBOOTS
FIGHT HARD!

THEY
WOULD NOT
DARE ATTACK US!
WE WILL SWAT THEM LIKE
TROUBLESOME MOSQUITOES!

Chapter 2. *TROUBLE BREWING*

THE NEW, POWERFUL CONTESTANT
ENTERED THE FRAY...

BY THE GODS!
SIGNAL FLOTILLA—
DISCONTINUE CONVOY
ACTION...CONCERTED
ATTACK ON RAIDER WITH
UTMOST VIGOUR!



UNDAUNTED BY THE FIRE-POWER OF THE SEA RAIDER, THE MEN OF FLOTILLA SEVEN
UNFLINCHINGLY OBEYED MOSS'S ORDER.

DONNERWETTER!
WE HAVE ROUSED A
HORNET'S NEST!



THE GERMAN VESSEL FOUGHT VAINLY TO SHAKE OFF THE RAPIER-LIKE THRUSTS OF HER ATTACKERS.

JERRY'S TAKING EVASIVE ACTION! THE LADS HAVE GOT HER ON THE RUN!

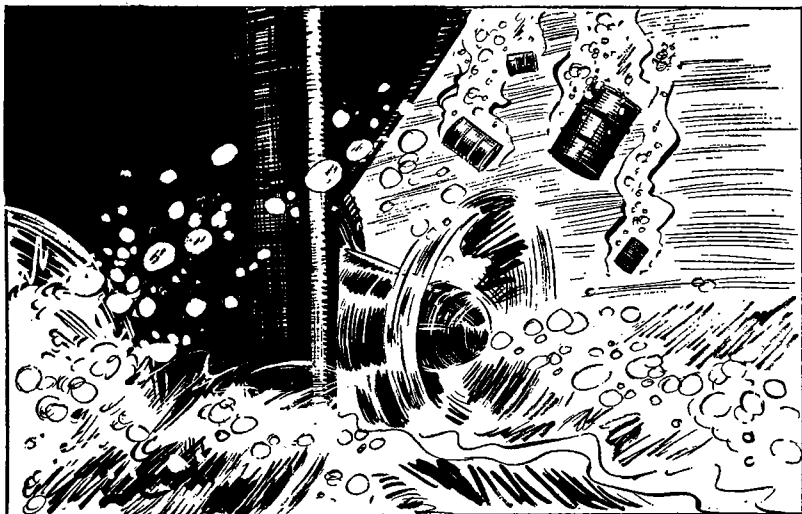
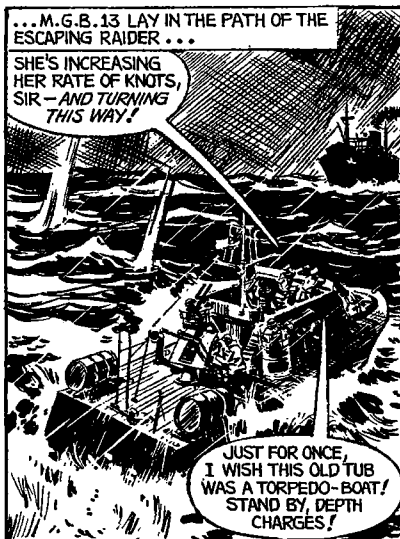


HITS WERE RECORDED ON BOTH SIDES . . .

NO SERIOUS DAMAGE—
YET, HERR KAPITAN.
BUT THOSE DEVILS ARE
DETERMINED MEN!

WE HAVE
BIGGER FISH TO
CATCH! TELL THE
ENGINEER WE MUST
BREAK CLEAR—NOW!



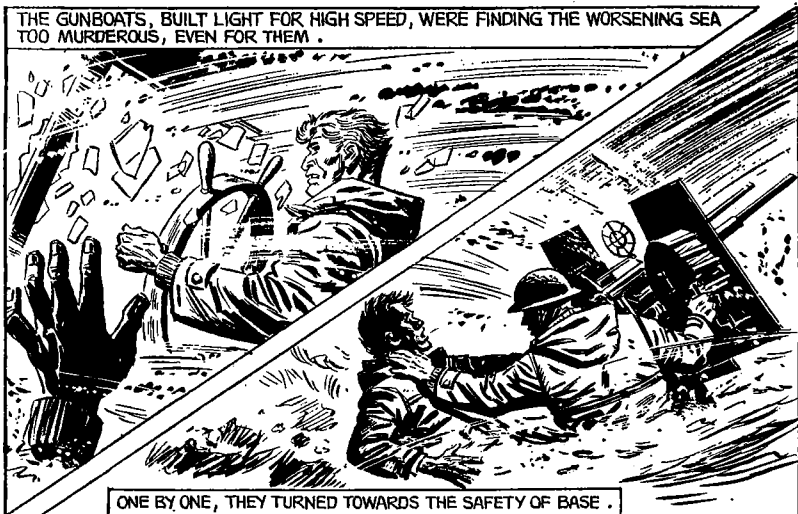


FIFTEEN THOUSAND TONS DEADWEIGHT WAS HEAVED AND MIGHTILY SHAKEN BY THE LITTLE GUNBOAT'S STING!



LEAKING FROM EVERY RIVET, THE *VON STURDEE* LIMPED AWAY, BACK TO PORT.

THE GUNBOATS, BUILT LIGHT FOR HIGH SPEED, WERE FINDING THE WORSENING SEA TOO MURDEROUS, EVEN FOR THEM.



ONE BY ONE, THEY TURNED TOWARDS THE SAFETY OF BASE.



IN FACT, IT WAS MOSS'S OWN BOAT THAT
FOUNDERS IN THE TERRIBLE SEAS.



WITH NO HESITATION, LEADING SEAMAN BOYD
LEAPT FROM M.G.B. 13 INTO THE RAGING
WATERS, FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY
A.B. BURNS.



GAUGING WIND AND SEA, FRAME EXPERTLY
BACKED HIS GUNBOAT TOWARDS THE
STRUGGLING MEN.



SLIGHTLY RECOVERED, LIEUTENANT MOSS IMMEDIATELY PROVED HIS BRUSH WITH DEATH HAD NOT ALTERED HIS WAY OF COMMAND.

MISTER FRAME—MY LAST ORDER WAS THAT YOU PURSUE THE ENEMY! YOUR REFUSAL WILL BE NOTED IN MY BATTLE REPORT.

ARE YOU MAD? WE CAN BARELY STAY AFLOAT—LET ALONE FIGHT! THE RAIDER WON'T GET AWAY, THE R.A.F. WILL SEE TO THAT NOW!



THE CREDIT FOR SINKING THE MOST FORMIDABLE SHIP WE'VE ENCOUNTERED COULD HAVE BEEN OURS.

WE CRIPPLED HER! THE WHOLE FLOTILLA FOUGHT LIKE TIGERS! IS THIS WHAT TWO OF MY MEN RISKED THEIR NECKS FOR?



UNABLE TO CONTAIN HIS RAGE, FRAME
THROWED HIS FLUTILLA OFFICER TO THE
DECK AND STAMPED OFF...

...IF LIEUTENANT MOSS
GOES OVERBOARD AGAIN— AND
ANY OF MY MEN ARE FOOLS
ENOUGH TO GO IN AFTER HIM—
I'LL GLADLY LET THE FISHES
HAVE 'EM!



AT COASTAL FORCES BASE...

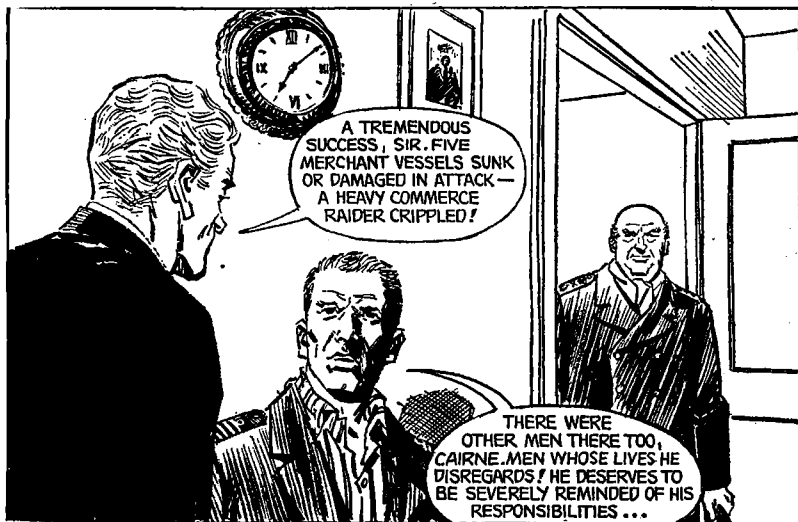
HERE ARE SIGNALS ON MOSS'S NIGHT
ACTION, SIR. NO ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF
YOUR RECALL — BUT HE'S ON HIS
WAY HOME...

AND I INTEND
TO BE HERE FOR
HIS ARRIVAL!



A TREMENDOUS
SUCCESS, SIR. FIVE
MERCHANT VESSELS SUNK
OR DAMAGED IN ATTACK —
A HEAVY COMMERCE
RAIDER CRIPPLED!

THERE WERE
OTHER MEN THERE TOO,
CAIRNE. MEN WHOSE LIVES HE
DISREGARDS! HE DESERVES TO
BE SEVERELY REMINDED OF HIS
RESPONSIBILITIES...



BUT NEWS OF THE SEA FIGHT HAD REACHED THE EARS OF REAR-ADMIRAL CAIRNE.

COME, COME!
REMEMBER NELSON
IGNORED ORDERS —
AND ALSO WON A
VICTORY!

MOSS IS NOT
A NELSON YET, ADMIRAL!
THE DAY WILL COME WHEN
HIS GLORY-SEEKING COULD
COST US LIVES AND
SHIPS!

AS LONG AS MOSS
DELIVERS THE GOODS,
YOU TURN A BLIND EYE TO
EVERYTHING ELSE! WHEN
HE'S LOSING — THEN YOU CAN
BUST HIM TO ORDINARY
SEAMAN IF YOU WISH!

ELSEWHERE, AT THAT SAME MOMENT, MOSS'S STOP-AT-NOTHING TACTICS WAS ALSO CAUSING GRAVE CONCERN.

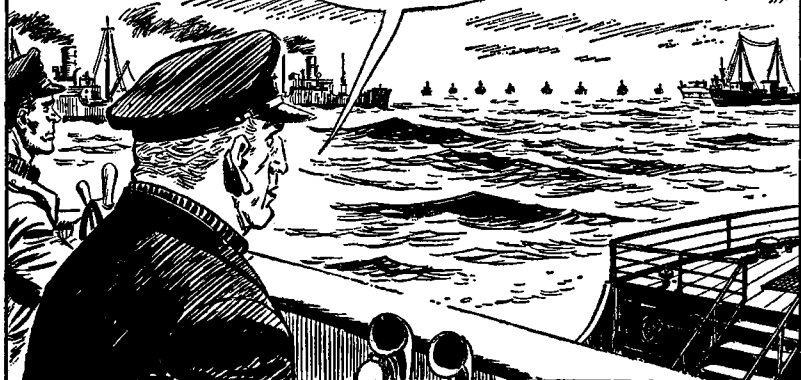


KAPITAN STOLL, COMMANDANT OF A NAVAL HEADQUARTERS NEAR DUNKIRK, HAD FOUND IT NECESSARY TO MAKE PREPARATIONS ...



BY DAWN, THE STORM HAD RECEDED AND ALONG THE SOUTH COAST, SHELTERING SHIPS WENT ABOUT THEIR WAYS AGAIN.

HELLO—
WHAT'S YONDER ?
MORE ESCORTS ? THEM
GUNBOATS FROM DOVER,
I RECKON . . .



THE VIKING FLOTILLA WAS ON ITS WAY TO JOIN THE BASE AT DUNKIRK .

ACH ! THE BRITISH ARE AS
EASY AS THE RUSSKIES WE
SLAUGHTERED IN
THE BALTIC !

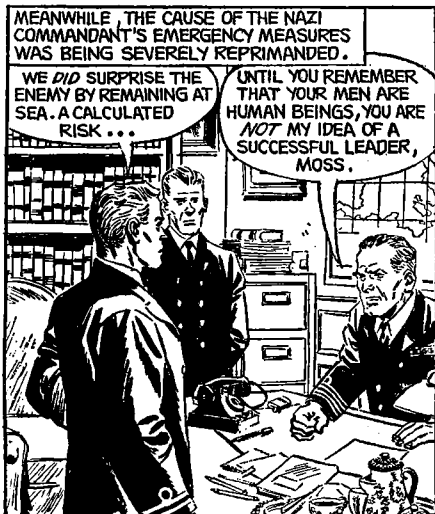


A LITTLE
BLOODING WILL
NOT DO MY VIKINGS
ANY HARM .

SO OBERLEUTNANT KARL VON ZEE MADE A VICTORIOUS ARRIVAL AT THE DUNKIRK BASE.



MEANWHILE, THE CAUSE OF THE NAZI COMMANDANT'S EMERGENCY MEASURES WAS BEING SEVERELY REPRIMANDED.



LIEUTENANT MOSS - I'M REFUSING YOUR PROMOTION TO LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER! THAT MUCH I CAN DO! NOW GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!



LEAVING CAPTAIN LITHGOW'S OFFICE, THE YOUNG FIREBRAND WAS CONFRONTED BY HIS FLOTILLA SKIPPERS.



MOSS TOOK THE PAPERS —AND RIPPED THEM TO PIECES.



Chapter 3. *BAITED TRAP*

WITHIN TWO NIGHTS, THE WEARY FLOTILLA SEVEN WAS RANGING THE NARROW SEA AGAIN.



TEMPERS, FRAYED BY LONG, TOUGH HOURS AT SEA, WERE UNLEASHED ...



NOT FAR AWAY, A VERY IMPORTANT PERSON WAS INSPECTING DOVER'S COAST DEFENCES ...

HE WANTS TO CALL AT THE HARBOUR, LITTHGOW. HEARD OF OUR FAMOUS GUNBOAT FLOTILLA, NO DOUBT!

A VISIT WOULD MAKE THEM PROUD, SIR, BUT HE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEM AS HE FINDS THEM, THEY'LL JUST BE IN FROM NIGHT PATROL...



THE IMPORTANT VISITORS FOUND A FULL-SCALE MELEE IN PROGRESS ...

WHAT THE DEVIL ...?

I SUGGEST WE PROCEED WITH OUR TOUR ELSEWHERE, GENTLEMEN! I CAME TO SEE FIGHTING MEN, BUT NOT THIS ...





MOSS IMMEDIATELY BEGAN TO PROTEST BUT HIS
SUPERIOR SILENCED HIM . . .

DISOBEDIENT, WERE
THEY? HEADSTRONG,
YOU CLAIM! THAT
SOUNDS TO ME VERY
MUCH LIKE YOURSELF,
LIEUTENANT . . .



JUBILATION WAS SHORT-LIVED ABOARD M.G.B.13 . . .

ACTION FATIGUE, EH? VERY
WELL, BOYD AND BURNS - I'VE
ARRANGED YOUR DRAFT TO
BASE STAFF! YOU WILL BE
REPLACED FOR TONIGHT'S
PATROL!



ACROSS THE CHANNEL, VON ZEE HAD SETTLED IN AND WAS READY FOR ACTION.

I HAVE STUDIED THE ENEMY'S TACTICS! HE RUSHES INTO TROUBLE EAGERLY—SO WE MUST SEE THAT HE GETS IT!



THAT NIGHT, BOYD AND BURNS SADLY WATCHED THE GUNBOATS SAIL WITHOUT THEM ...

THERE THEY GO—AND US STUCK HERE PLAYING TIN SOLDIERS! OLD FRAME'LL MISS OUR DOUBLE ACT ON THAT TWIN-OERLIKON!

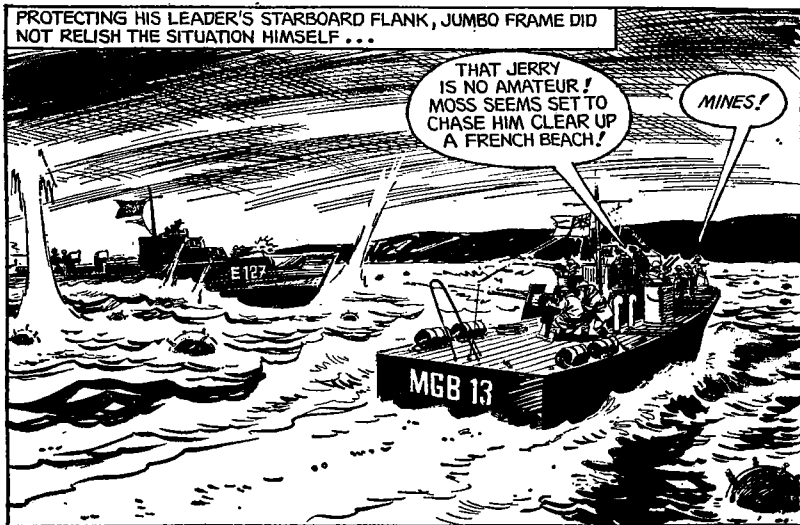
GOOD LUCK, LUCKY THIRTEEN!



CONTACT WITH THE ENEMY WAS NOT LONG DELAYED ...

ENGLANDER GUNBOATS, EH! EXECUTE OPERATION AVENGE—ATTACK AND WITHDRAW!





VON ZEE HAD LED HIS OPPONENTS INTO THE TRAP—
AND NOW HE ZIG-ZAGGED AWAY ON THE SAFE PATH
THROUGH THE MINES.



SO, LED BY MOSS THEY MOVED OUT AT HALF SPEED. BUT THE ENEMY HAD
NOT FINISHED WITH HIM YET...



THE SEARCHLIGHT BEAM CAME FROM THE SHORE AND SKIPPER JUMBO FRAME, AT THE REAR OF THE FLOTILLA, SAW THE FULL EXTENT OF THEIR PERIL.

THOSE MINES HAVE BEEN
LAID TO SLOW US DOWN FOR THE
SHORE GUNS! HARD-A-STARBOARD!
MAKE SMOKE!



SPECIALLY SITED COASTAL BATTERIES HAD FLOTILLA SEVEN UNDER THEIR VERY MUZZLES. COULD FRAME SCREEN THE OTHERS BEFORE THEY WERE BLOWN OUT OF THE WATER?

THAT BOAT!
CONCENTRATE FIRE
BEFORE IT OBLITERATES
THE TARGET AREA!

EMERGENCY
FULL AHEAD!



THE GALLANT MANOEUVRE OF THE QUICK-THINKING SKIPPER OF M.G.B.13
MADE HIS VESSEL THE TARGET OF EVERY GUN.



HER OWN GUNS WERE FIRING BACK BRAVELY BUT THE ENEMY FIRE
WAS MURDEROUS.



HEAD FOR THE SCREEN,
COX'N! WE'RE GETTIN' OUT—
MINES OR NO MINES!

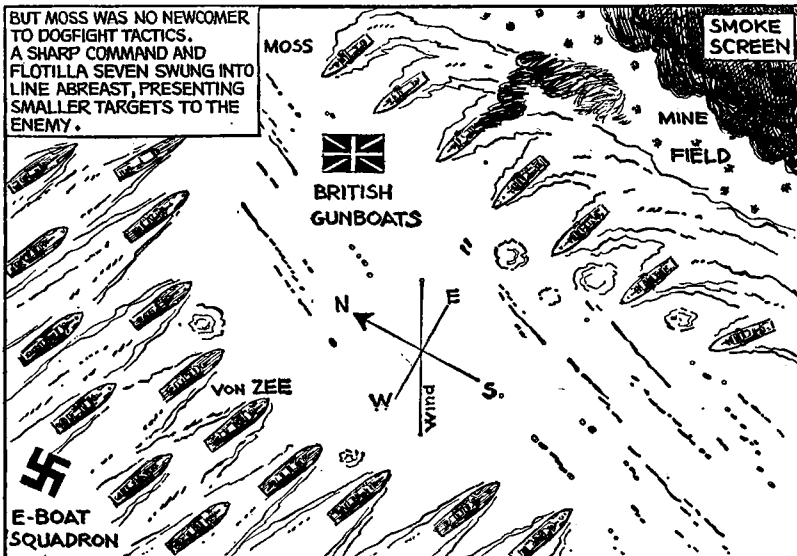
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SMOKE-SCREEN, MOSS LED HIS
FLOTILLA OUT OF THE THICKLY-SEWN FIELD OF HORNED DEATH.



AT THAT MOMENT, VON ZEE DECIDED TO ENTER THE
BATTLE WITH HIS FULL VIKING FLOTILLA.



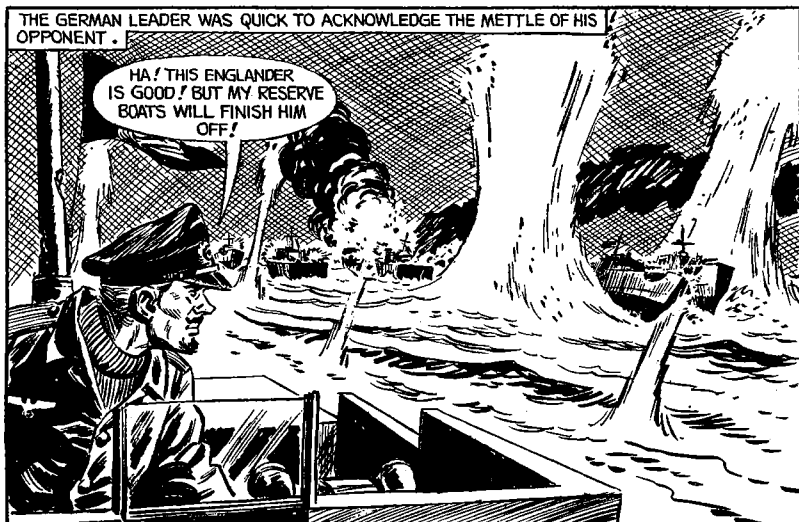
BUT MOSS WAS NO NEWCOMER TO DOGFIGHT TACTICS. A SHARP COMMAND AND FLOTILLA SEVEN SWUNG INTO LINE ABREAST, PRESENTING SMALLER TARGETS TO THE ENEMY.



AT BREAKNECK SPEED, THE ANTAGONISTS CLASHED, WITH ENGINES THUNDERING AND GUNS CRASHING.

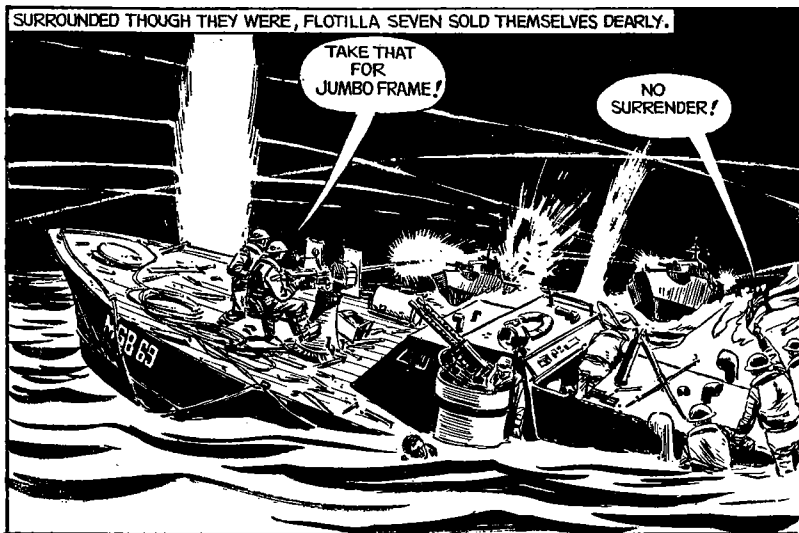


THE GERMAN LEADER WAS QUICK TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE METTLE OF HIS OPPONENT.



HA! THIS ENGLANDER IS GOOD! BUT MY RESERVE BOATS WILL FINISH HIM OFF!

SURROUNDED THOUGH THEY WERE, FLOTILLA SEVEN SOLD THEMSELVES DEARLY.

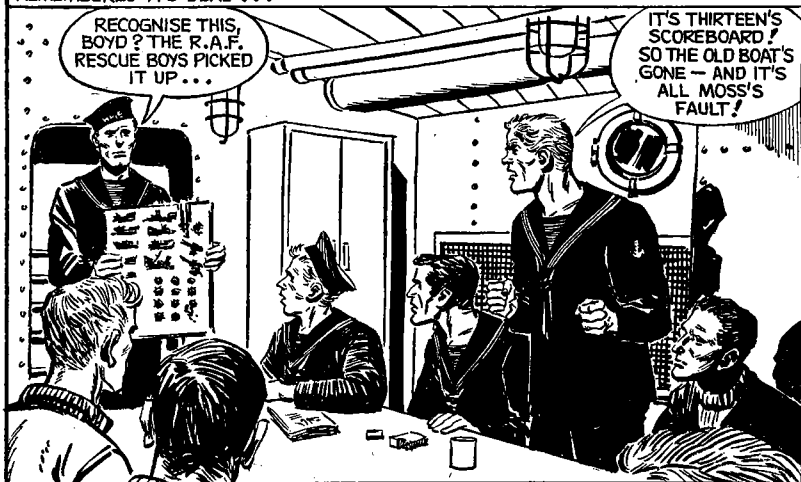


TAKE THAT FOR JUMBO FRAME!

NO SURRENDER!



NO GUNBOATS SAILED FROM DOVER THAT NIGHT. FLOTILLA SEVEN LICKED ITS WOUNDS AND REMEMBERED ITS DEAD ...



MOSS'S FORMER CHAMPION, THE REAR-ADMIRAL, WAS ALSO READY TO PLACE THE BLAME.





THAT EVENING, THE MAN UNDER DISCUSSION WAS RETURNING FROM VISITING FLOTILLA CASUALTIES IN HOSPITAL, WHEN...



NO RESISTANCE WAS OFFERED TO BOYD'S VENGEFUL ONSLAUGHT...



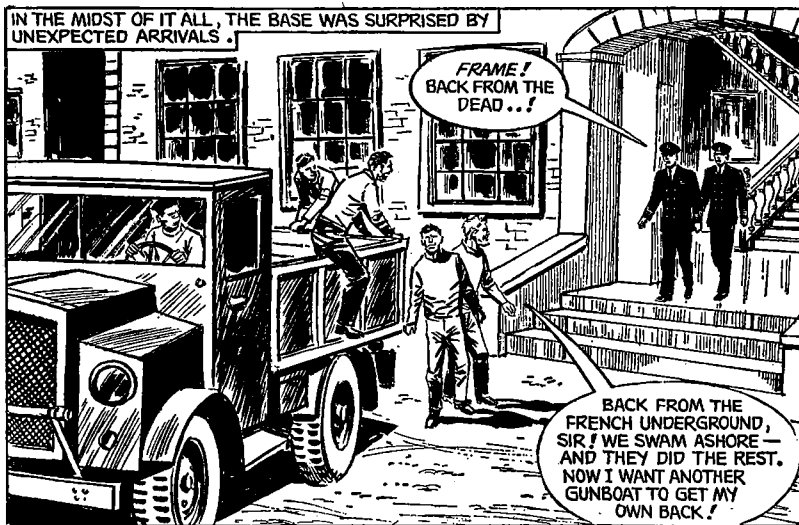
Chapter 4. *CLASH OF GIANTS*

THE WEEKS PASSED... AND NO CHARGE WAS MADE AGAINST LEADING SEAMAN BOYD BY LIEUTENANT MOSS. THE BATTERED GUNBOATS WERE TOWED AWAY FOR REPAIR, AND THE SEVENTH FLOTILLA WAS BROUGHT UP TO STRENGTH AGAIN. AT SEA, VON ZEE'S VIKINGS WREAKED TERRIBLE HAVOC IN NIGHT EXCURSIONS...



THE GRAVE SITUATION CALLED FOR SPECIAL MEASURES.





MOSS PUT OUT HIS HAND IN DELIGHTED WELCOME - AND WAS COLDLY IGNORED.

JUMBO!
MARVELLOUS
TO SEE YOU
SAFE!

WE'VE GOT
NOTHING TO SAY
TO EACH OTHER.
LET'S LEAVE IT
AT THAT!

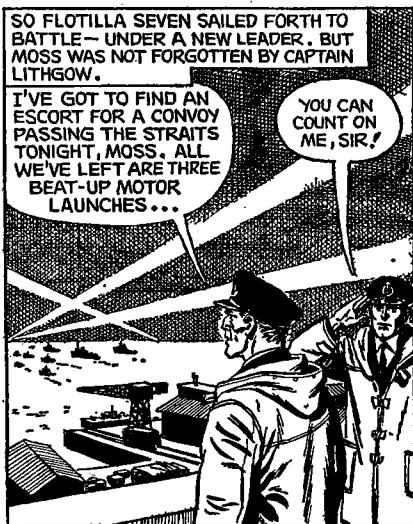


ANOTHER RUDE SHOCK AWAITED
FLOTILLA SEVEN'S COMMANDER.

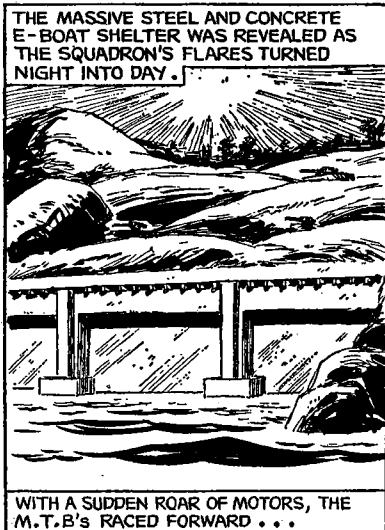
WELL, GENTLEMEN...
READY TO HEAR ABOUT THE
COMING OPERATION?

SIR - IT'S OUR
CREWS! THEY'VE
GONE ON SICK PARADE
EVERY MAN-JACK
OF 'EM!









THE MIGHTY REINFORCED DOORS WITHSTOOD THE FIRST EXPLOSIVE BLASTS, BUT FRAME LED HIS MEN BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN.



OFF DOVER, THE RED WARNING OF "E-BOATS AT LARGE" HAD BEEN RECEIVED BY MOSS AND HIS PUNY ESCORT FORCE.



LIEUTENANT MOSS HAD INSTILLED A FEW RULES FOR AVOIDING TROUBLE INTO HIS CHARGES AND NOW IT PAID OFF.



ONLY THREE MOTOR LAUNCHES STOOD FIRM BETWEEN THE E-BOATS AND THEIR QUARRY.



THE UNEVEN CONTEST COULD NOT CONTINUE FOR LONG. ONE GALLANT LAUNCH WAS DESTROYED AND MOSS WAS WOUNDED.



THE SECOND LAUNCH BLEW SKY HIGH — AND VON ZEE SAW VICTORY WITHIN HIS GRASP!

ONE LEFT. THE ENGLANDERS FOUGHT LIKE DEMONS, BUT I'LL FINISH THE CONTEST MYSELF!



M.L. 100 SHUDDERED UNDER HAMMER BLOWS OF THE E-BOAT'S HEAVIER ARMAMENT.

DIE, ENGLANDER — OR SURRENDER!

WHEEL HARD-A-PORT, COX'N!



FOR MOSS, THIS WAS THE MOMENT OF DESPERATION .



TOO LATE, KARL VON ZEE RECOGNISED THE DANGER .



THE ENRAGED GERMAN COULD THINK OF ONLY ONE THING - DEATH TO THE MAN WHO HAD CAUSED HIS DOWNFALL .

ACCURSED
ENGLANDER!
DIE!

EASY, FRITZ -
OR I BLOW YOUR
SQUAREHEAD OFF
YOUR SHOULDERS!



FRAME'S SQUADRON, COMING DOWN FROM DUNKIRK, HAD A LEADERLESS, DEMORALISED FOE TO DEAL WITH ...

LOOKS LIKE
JERRY GOT MORE'N
HE BARGAINED FOR!
SIGNAL SEEK AND
DESTROY!



ASHORE, THE NIGHT'S WORK HAD BEEN ACCLAIMED AS A BRILLIANT AND SUCCESSFUL OPERATION. AT DAWN, THE FIRST BOATS RETURNED TO PORT.

IT'S THE
REAR-ADMIRAL!
HE'S HIGHLY
DELIGHTED...

HE SHOULD BE! PROBABLY
GET A KNIGHTHOOD AFTER THIS!
I'M GOING DOWN TO MEET
MOSS AND FRAME...



BOYD AND BURNS PROUDLY TOOK CHARGE OF A PRIZE...

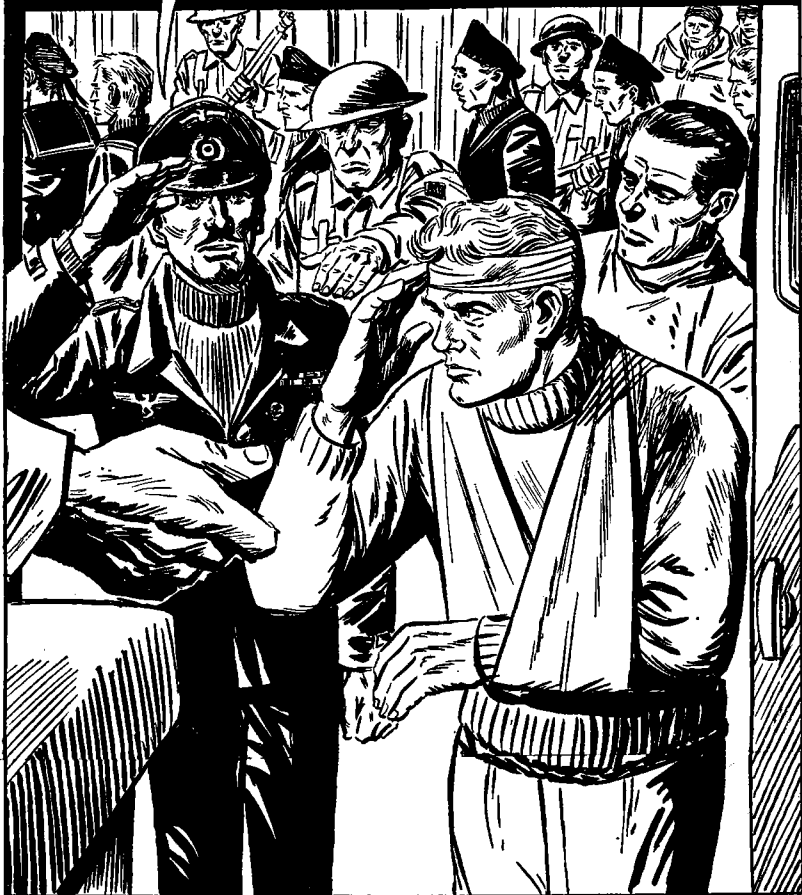


AMBULANCES WAITED TO TAKE THE WOUNDED SWIFTLY TO HOSPITAL.



A FINAL TRIBUTE WAS PAID — FROM THE MOST UNLIKELY PERSON, VON ZEE .

*I SALUTE A
WORTHY FOE ! SO WILL THE
DOVER STRAIT REMAIN BRITISH —
FOR AS LONG AS THIS ISLAND
BREED HAS SUCH SEAMEN
ON THE NARROW SEA !*



SEARCH AND DESTROY

THE ISLAND OF SICILY WAS TO BE THE SPRINGBOARD FOR THE INVASION OF ITALY. THE ALLIES STORMED ASHORE IN JULY 1943...



IN THE FIRST TWENTY FOUR HOURS TEN TOWNS WERE TAKEN, AS THE CONQUERORS SWEEPED EASTWARDS. ENEMY RESISTANCE HARDENED...



AGAIN, THE EXPLODING MORTAR BOMBS FELL AMONGST THE BRITISH...

THEY'VE GOT US
BRACKETED!

MUST BE A
WHOLE BATTERY OF
'EM, SIR. BUT WHERE
ARE THEY?



WHAT NOW, SIR? BE DUSK
IN THIRTY MINUTES. WE
CAN PULL BACK THEN...

OUR ORDERS
ARE TO GET ON FAST.
WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT
MORTAR BATTERY OUT
OF THE WAY.



BUT THE FIRST PROBLEM WAS
TO FIND THE ENEMY...

THE LIEUTENANT
WANTS TWO MEN FROM
EACH SECTION TO PROBE
AHEAD TO FIND THAT
MORTAR BATTERY.
NO ACTION—JUST
FIND IT!



THE CORPORALS WENT BACK
TO DETAIL THEIR MEN...

TINY, YOU AND SAM HAVE GOT
A JOB. NO FIGHTING — NO
SHOOTING — JUST FIND
THEM JERRIES!



"TINY" TIMMS AND SAM BAKER
LOOKED AT EACH OTHER...

WHY DID
HE PICK ON US? MY
FEET ARE KILLING
ME...

WELL, YOU
WILL HAVE SIZE
FOURTEEN FEET—
AND NO BOOTS TO
FIT 'EM, TINY.



AT 6 FEET 4 INCHES, TINY BELIED HIS
NICKNAME. HE HAD HAD TO MAKE DO
WITH SIZE TWELVE BOOTS SINCE
BEFORE THE INVASION STARTED...

COME ON.
LET'S GET ON
WITH IT.



BUT THEY HAD ONLY MOVED TWO HUNDRED YARDS BEFORE TINY STOPPED...

I'M TAKING THESE BOOTS OFF! I CAN'T WALK IN 'EM ANYMORE, SAM.



YOU'LL CARVE YOUR FEET TO SHREDS ON THESE STONES. YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE AND WAIT FOR ME.

I DON'T KNOW WHY I PARTNER UP WITH THAT LUMBERING OX. STILL, I SUPPOSE HE'S GOT TO HAVE *SOMEBODY* TO LOOK AFTER HIM...



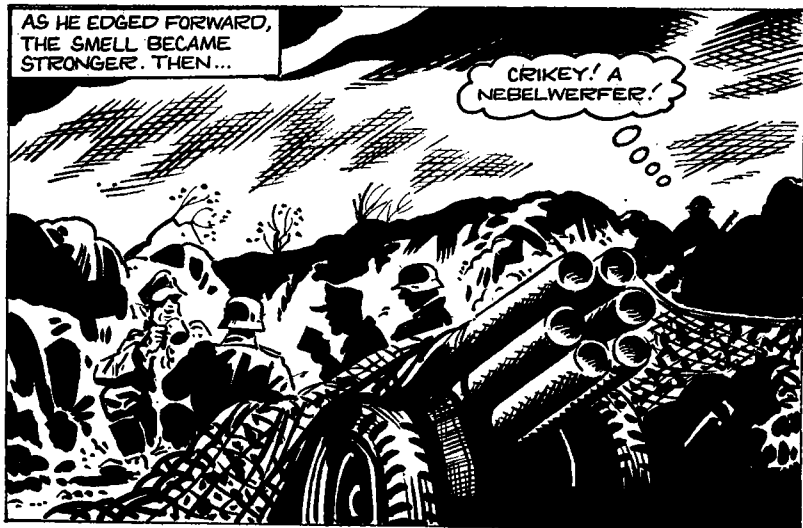
SAM MOVED CAUTIOUSLY OUT AND COVERED THE GROUND HE HAD BEEN DETAILED FOR...

TIME TO TURN BACK. HEY—I CAN SMELL COFFEE!



AS HE EDGED FORWARD,
THE SMELL BECAME
STRONGER. THEN...

CRUIKEY! A
NEBELWERFER!



IN A PIT BEHIND THE MORTAR,
SAM FOUND THE AMMUNITION—
AND SOMETHING ELSE...

BOOTS! FROM THE
LOOK OF 'EM
THEY'LL DO TINY
A TREAT...



I'LL TAKE THESE,
THEN SEE ABOUT
THOSE MORTAR
SHELLS...



CAREFULLY HE PRISED OPEN THE LID OF ONE OF THE CRATES AND BEGAN TO UNSCREW THE FINS OF THE SHELL CASES...

I COULD DO WITH TINY. HE'D LOOSEN THESE IN SECONDS...



THREE MINUTES LATER HE WAS ON HIS WAY BACK...



HE FOUND TINY STILL SITTING ON THE ROCK...

DID YOU FIND ANYTHING?

THESE BOOTS FOR A START.





IT HAPPENED HALF AN HOUR LATER
WHEN THE GERMANS WENT TO
LOOSE OFF ANOTHER SALVO...

THE BOMBS
HAVE EXPLODED IN
THE BARRELS! THAT
NEBELWERFER'S WRITTEN
OFF. THERE'S NOTHING IN
OUR WAY NOW. WE MOVE
FORWARD AT DAWN...

AND MY
FEET WON'T
MIND A BIT—
THESE BOOTS
COULD HAVE
BEEN MADE
FOR ME!



Published each month by IPC Magazines Ltd., King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS.
Printed by Fleetway Printers, Gravesend, Kent. Subscription facilities (inland and overseas) are not now
available. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South Africa, Central News
Agency, Ltd. WAR PICTURE LIBRARY is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not
without the written consent of the Publishers first given be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed
of by way of Trade except at the full retail price shown on the cover, selling price in Eire subject to
VAT; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition,
or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising,
literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

For war thrills.. action.. drama

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

True-to-life adventures of
the men of the fighting
services in World War 2.



**SIX
GREAT
WAR
STORIES
EVERY
MONTH!**

ALSO ON SALE NOW...

ATTACK

PICTURE LIBRARY

60p



**THE
HOLIDAY
SPECIAL**

**FOR ROUGH, TOUGH,
BATTLE ACTION!**